

About Plays
and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

WITH his eye on the coming season, Winthrop Ames has produced William J. Huribut's new comedy, "Saturday to Monday." It was played at the Shubert Theatre, New Haven, last night and will remain there through Wednesday. In the cast are Ruth Mayliffe, Courtney Foote, Adelaide Prince, Cecil Yapp and Charles J. McCarthy. In the play the author grapples with the marriage question and also with the enfranchisement of women. If all goes well "Saturday to Monday" will likely be given a hearing at the Little Theatre next fall.

UNDERWOOD WITH MOROSCO.
Franklyn Underwood, who has been very successful lately in the staging of plays, has been made General Manager for Oliver Morosco, succeeding George Moser, who recently resigned. To Mr. Underwood's able direction much of the success of "The Heat" and "Cheating Cheaters" is due.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.
Listen, Henry—just a minute! Now you're in a uniform, keep that head of yours that's in it big and brave and true and warm. Uncle Sam is right behind you. Let your every action be faithful to the work assigned you. Do your duty honestly. Boy, that uniform you're wearing has a meaning all its own. It's a symbol first of daring, but it's in a class alone for integrity and fairness, and the man who wears it must be a man of honor, squareness—one the weak may always trust. Listen, Henry, you're soon going out amidst the shot and shell. What will happen there's no knowing. Merely Fate won't tell. Trust to Providence while fighting. Calm will follow every storm. And, remember, boy, no slighting while you're in that uniform.

HE FOOLED THE POODLE.
Samuel Freedman of Broadway is a dog fancier. Recently he bought a poodle and turned it over to a negro to keep a while for him. Night before last the negro delivered the dog at its owner's apartment, having been instructed to do so. Mr. Freedman wasn't at home. When he arrived half an hour later the dog wouldn't let him in. Being naturally a kind man, he was afraid of the poodle's vicious snarling. For fifteen minutes Mr. Freedman stood in the hall wondering what he'd better do. Then he had a bright thought. Approaching the poodle, he said:
"Heah, yoh baby! What's fo' yer bawkin' at me? Wahah dat gwine ter sit yoh?"
The poodle immediately stopped growling and permitted his owner to enter. The plan had its drawback, however. Now, in order to keep on good terms with the dog, Mr. Freedman has to use the negro dialect all the time.

AMATEURS IN "MIKE."
The Messrs. Shubert announce that in conformity with their policy of giving new talent its chance, they will shortly arrange for a performance of "Love O' Mike" by amateurs at Maxine Elliott's Theatre. Last night Trislie Sommers, who had never been on the professional stage, was permitted to play the part of Leone and did very well.

THERE SHOULD, INDEED.
Jeff Nutt met Loney Haskell on Broadway yesterday. "Well, Loney," said Jeff, "I see by the papers that a Chicago bride was given a Liberty bond as a wedding present."
"There should be considerable interest attached to that gift," replied Loney—just like that!

GOSSIP.
Steve Kinkaid is finishing a play. Lou Housman of Chicago is here again, looking younger than ever. Mrs. Walter Wilson, known professionally as Pearl Wilson, is dead of heart failure. She was a niece of J. B. Hawkin of Cincinnati. Richard Walton Tully's play, "The Masquerader," with Guy Bates Post starred, celebrated its one hundredth Boston performance last night. Henry Miller began his San Francisco season last night in a new drama by A. E. Thomas. Julia Dean is his leading woman. William J. Kelly assumed the role of Capt. Terence O'Keefe in "Upstairs and Down" last night at the Cort. The annual meeting of the Actors' Fund is scheduled for this afternoon.

Good Stories

BREAKING THE NEWS.
IN LIVERPOOL, there is a man famous for his calmness on every occasion. One day he stood idly in the office of a friend.
"I've just had a chat with your wife," he began.
"Why, I didn't know she was in town."
"Oh, she wasn't in town," replied the other. "I called at your house."
"I didn't know she was receiving to-day," said the husband, with some surprise. "I thought she had a headache."
"She didn't mention it to me," said the calm man. "There was quite a crowd at the house."
"A crowd?" echoed the husband.
"Yes," went on the calm man. "They came with the fire engine."
"The fire engine?" gasped the husband.
"Oh, it's all right," went on the calm man. "It's all out now. It wasn't much of a fire."—Pearson's Weekly.

WAR AND NECESSITY.
ASSUMING an air of sage importance, the fat plumber ejaculated:
"War is a necessity."
"Pooh! How do you make that out?" demanded the thin carpenter,

deprecatingly.
"Did you read that Edison is going to devote his energies to American protective measures in time of war?"
"Yep. What of it?"
"That proves my contention."
"How?"
"War makes invention necessary, doesn't it?"
"I suppose so."
"And necessity is the mother of invention."
"Tub!"
"Therefore war and necessity are synonymous."
The carpenter is still thinking it over.—Youngstown Telegram.

EASY.
A MAGAZINE editor was talking about Sir Ernest Shackleton of South Pole fame.
"Shackleton lunched at a hotel on his last visit to New York," he said, "and a lady bothered him with all sorts of silly questions about polar matters."
"But how, Sir Ernest," she asked, "will you really know when you've crossed the South Pole?"
"Oh, that will be very easy," Shackleton answered. "As soon as we've crossed it, you know, a south wind will become a north one."—Washington Star.

"S'MATTER, POP?"

A Little Light Is Shed on a Dark Subject!

By C. M. Payne



OLD GRINDSTONE GEORGE

He Was Handicapped by Not Being a Master of Jiu-Jitsu!

By Clifton Meek



HENRY HASENPFEFFER

Even When He Sleeps "Zeke" Lies!

By Bud Counihan



ARE YOU ANYTHING LIKE JOE?

By Vic



Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

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ELLABELLE MAE DOOLITTLE, the noted poetess of Delhi, as-
tounded her home town recently
by announcing in the Bazaar that she
was to be married. P. Silas Pettibone,
the popular tonorial artist, it
was stated, was the happy man. The
news was printed in the form of an
original poem by the bride-to-be. It
follows:

I have decided to take the step.
For better or for worse.
My kind has been asked by a real man.
He does not drink or curse.
P. Silas Pettibone, as you had suspected,
Having been my steady company lately,
And is pleased greatly.

My sister's child, Tommy Richards,
Fell off our horse riding steeple.
Don't let me hear you little twiddle-
diddle, to return to my announcement.
The wedding will occur in July.
Do not sell liquor as a present.
For the affair will be entirely "dry."

The paper had not been off the
press two hours when Mrs. Ellabelle Q.
Pettibone, Promptress of the Women's
Betterment League, sent out a call
for the members of the organization
to meet that evening to honor the
poetess. Seventeen ladies were in
Hugus Hall when the gavel fell.
"Ladies," said Promptress Pettibone,
"we are here to do honor to a talented
member of our League. Ellabelle
Mae Doolittle has announced her be-
trothal to P. Silas Pettibone. The
matter is now open for debate."
Mrs. Cutsey Boggs arose and ad-
dressed the Chair. "Is Miss Doolittle
present?" she asked.
"Did I hear some one mention a
present?" asked the poetess, stepping
out on the stage.
It caused some confusion, but
Promptress Pettibone rapped for order
and Mrs. Boggs replied: "Yes."
"That will come later, my dear. I
just wanted to offer you my con-
gratulations and ask as a favor that,
when you and Pettibone are married,
you try to stop that crap game that
goes on in the rear room of his bar-
ber shop."
Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien was on her
feet in an instant. "That's out of
order," she said. "If old Boggs wants
to shoot his wages away in a barber
shop crap game, let him. It's better
than—"
"Having your crap game in your
own home, like the O'Briens," snapped
Mrs. Boggs, interrupting. "House-
hold gambling starts family fights."
"I'll have you know we've never

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